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English 8, Mrs. Tyson

Murder at the Depot

Thursday morning as I was reading the newspaper, a man dressed in a suit and tie came running into my house without even knocking. As I stood up to ask him what he was thinking, he fell to the ground asking me for help! Once I was able to calm him down and get him to sit down, I had him tell me why he was here. “Are you Detective Smith?” he asked hurriedly. “I am” I replied. He sighed a sigh of relief as if that took a huge burden from him. “You might want to sit down” he said, and I pulled up a chair intrigued. “It started three days ago at the train depot.” He said with a far away look in his eyes. “Me and my wife Sheila were on our way to Pittsburg for a family reunion. I told her to wait on a bench while I went to the crowded ticket booth to buy our train tickets. As I was waiting in line, I looked back to check on my wife and saw my twin brother standing there talking to her. I turned back around confused as to why my brother was here. But no sooner than I had turned around than I heard my wife shout “No!” as if she had just been insulted. I whipped back around and was shocked to see my wife disappearing into the crowed with a scared look on her face.” He said with a painful look on his face. “Also, before I continue, I must tell you this; My brother and I were both in love with Shiela. But when we asked her who she liked better she chose me. Ever sense then my brother has sworn to get back

at me in some way. So, me and Shala always avoided him at family events so that he may not hurt us. After a while though he acted so kind to us and apologized for his mean behavior and we were able to hang around him without a sense of fear.” He said. I noted this down with a sense of arousing suspicion. After taking a moment to take a couple of breaths he continued his story. “I immediately ran after her and started chasing her and my brother out of the depot and I chased them all the way to the center of the town and then they disappeared. I asked a nearby kid which way they went, and he said they were headed back toward the depot! As I rushed back to the depot, I heard a scream coming from the storage room of the train station, I sprinted over and kicked open the door to see my wife lying dead on the floor with a scrap of cloth in her hand that was the same color of the coat my brother was wearing. I immediately had the lady at the ticket counter call the police because my wife was murdered and in minutes, I heard sirens approaching. I ran to see the officer and I rushed him to the crime scene. As I told him what had happened, he asked me where my coat was, and I told him that I had left it somewhere and couldn’t remember where but that it didn’t matter and what mattered was that my wife was dead. But when I said that he pulled a coat out from behind a stack of crates, and I was surprised to see that its corner was torn and matched the scrap that my wife had in her hand. Then while the officer was searching the coat for he asked me what my name was, and I told him it was Mark. Then he showed me a name written on the collar of the coat and it was mine! They immediately started

chasing me and yelling that I murdered my wife. And then I came here.” He finished out of breath. As I sat pondering his tale several things occurred to me and I asked if could ask him some questions. “Why did you run from the police when the accused you of being the murder?” I asked suspiciously. “I was scared and confused so I panicked and ran.” He said nervously. “How did you know where I was and that I was a detective?” “I remembered my friend mentioning how you cracked that bank robbing case last month and knew that you could help me.” “Did your friend tell you that I had some help from a coworker on that case?” I said. “Why yes he did he also said that you were both very good friends, and they thought he was you brother.” He replied rather quickly. “How interesting Mr. Mark.” I replied, the pieces all fitting together now. “May I ask what your full name is and what hospital you were born at?” I asked. He willingly told me that his name was Mark Samuel Andrews and that he was born at St. Mary’s hospital. I quickly pulled out my laptop and searched the hospital’s birth files and found out that he was an only child! And I found out that he was a wanted criminal for stealing wallets and jewelry!” I stood up and took so rope from my hands and said, “Mark Andrews you are under arrest” and I lunged forward and grabbed his hands and tied them behind his back. When he asked why I told him all the evidence that he was the murderer. “In the begging you told me that your wife’s name was Sheila, but while you were telling me about your bother you said that her name was Shala. Also, you said you had a brother, but I just looked up your birth certificate and it said that you were an only child. And

you said that you kicked open the storage rooms door, but the murder would never have had time to lock the door kill you “wife” and plant the coat as a false lead. Also, you said that your friend told you that I had help with the bank case, but as a matter of fact I did not as I work alone. Therefore, all the evidence points to you being the murder.” He stared at me in shock and admitted that he was the murderer. But the strange thing was he had no reason to murder the poor lady. He just chose her out of all the people at the station. Later, at court he was given a life sentence in jail.